

Beaver College News

Vol. 5

MONDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1929

No. 2

WAR HATRED IS ALMOST EXTINGUISHED

**Christian Religion Making
Advancement Among
Students of European
Colleges**

Strong Tie of Fellowship

**Dr. Walter Kotsching Tells
of New Thoughts and
Movements in Euro-
pean Universities**

On Sunday, November 24, Dr. Walter Kotsching spoke to the entire student body in Thomas Chapel on the topic "New Thoughts and Movements in European Universities." He purposed to make the American students see the problems and interests of the European student. As a Bulgarian student himself at the critical period of 1919-1920, Dr. Kotsching showed how international help to relieve student suffering served to destroy the prejudices of the war.

"The spirit of cooperation, a true Christian principle," can alone account for the remarkable aid brought to these unfortunate youths. However, in order to be assisted one must first learn the necessity of self-help. Such a movement was introduced by the Americans and consequently many of the students pursued varied trades and established self-help houses. In such a way, they were able to continue with their studies.

With help offered by any and every nation, the former war hatred became extinct. French and English students helped the Germans while the Americans helped everyone.

American interest has decreased considerably in the last few years. Europeans consider that there cannot be any work for international cooperation without Americans. However, these movements are not very marked as yet but there is a great future and much to be accomplished.

New Basketball Team Has Three Old Members

In an interview with Miss Virginia Rose, Manager of Basketball, she says:-

The Basket-ball season opens with only three regulars left from last year's team, Mildred Shafer, Helen and Florence Hall. That means that practically a new team must be built around these three, especially in the center and guard positions.

The team is making 2 long trips this year; one to Boston and the other to New York. A trip to Virginia is pending. We are competing with better teams this year, among those being Swarthmore and Bryn Mawr.

The past two years have been the most successful Basket-ball seasons Beaver has known. This may be attributed not only to the teams keeping training, or to the fact that the Hall sisters were the main cogs in the Beaver scoring, but to the efforts and patience of our capable and illustrious coach, Bert Shafer.

The following girls who played as subs last year are back again; Barr, Hays, Watts, Rose and Williams. Several new girls reporting to practice include, Sterner, Mick, Gensheimer, Anne and Emma Parry, Staff, Shank, Nagle and Swain.

Merry Christmas!



The Beaver College News extends to all the officers, trustees, members of the faculty, student body and employes of Beaver College its heartiest wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

MISS McCONNELL ELECTED TO HALL OF FAME

Miss Grace McConnell is in receipt of a letter which notifies her that she has been nominated to the Collegiate Hall of Fame.

From the various colleges throughout the United States men and women who have distinguished themselves in some particular field of college activity are chosen as nominees.

Congratulations, Grace.

Before the end of my journey
May preach within myself
The one which is the all,
Leaving the outer shell
To float away with the drifting
multitude
Upon the current of chance and
change.

FIRST YEAR MUSIC STUDENTS GIVE RECITAL

Number of Delightful Selections

A student musicale was given on Thursday, November 21, in the chapel of Beechwood Hills Campus.

The program consisted of selections on the piano, organ, and cello, and several vocal solos. Those students taking part in this very entertaining program were the Misses Elaine Grake, Charlotte Harder, Elsie Felemeden, Lois Wallace, Annette Rositer, Marie Vroom, Mary Denny, Mabel Hauck, Winifred Tracy, Margaret Glasser, Lois Raymond, Leila Dengerling, Katherine Kains, Dorothy Blair, Marian Leulel, Ruth Levi, Ethel Bell, and Isable LeCount, accompanist.

RICHARD BEAMISH SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

Well-known Journalist Discusses Importance of Newspaper

Mr. Richard Beamish, of the Philadelphia Inquirer, spoke to us on Wednesday evening, November 20. He stressed the importance of the newspaper in the civilized world today. Suicide, murder, and war in remote places in connection with the space occupied in our papers made an interesting part of his informal talk.

The compelling manner and magnetic personality of Mr. Beamish delighted us and held our complete attention.

Beaver College News

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EDITOR FLORENCE ENGELMAN
NEWS MARY HARRISON
LITERARY PEGGY CRUMP
FEATURES HELEN CRUM
SPORTS ELEANOR SMITH
BUSINESS MANAGER ELIZABETH PIERPONT
REPORTERS D. PRICE
P. CRUMP
B. WELLBAUM
M. APGAR
R. FANTON
B. BINNEY

CHRISTMAS ISSUE, DECEMBER 17, 1929

BASKETBALL

Girls—basketball season has started. In other words the time for "charley-horses," training, black and blue spots, sore muscles and fun is here. Practices are bringing forth a large number of girls and as the Varsity is not yet picked everybody has a good chance.

Trips to New York and Boston are planned so you can imagine what grand sport it will be.

Miss Shafer expects big things, so let's show her you mean business.

INITIATIVE

Initiative is a virtue which every one should strive to possess. It does not apply to any particular type of person or field of work, but is open to all in any station of life. It is a qualification for any position, which makes its possessor 100 per cent. more important than he, or she, would otherwise be. Wise decision is necessary for success. Of course, impulsiveness of action, entering without thought or the consequences, is unwise. Initiative however, is rather the counterbalancing virtue of this undesirable trait; initiative is deliberation coupled with self-control and tact. Plan your work; then work your plan. Be sure you are right; then act.

THE YULETIDE SEASON

Christmas, with its spirited holly, sleighbells, gifts, money, gift lists, more holly and more sleigh bells. However, what would Christmas be without sentimental thoughts, snow-covered lands, of people, carefully selecting gift lists; of cold starlight nights, mysteriously beautiful; of the many preparations for a bounteous feast and, lastly, of unopened presents? Indeed, Christmas would be nothing. In its place there would be a holiday stripped bare of beautiful thoughts, deeds and hopes. It would become a cold commercialized event. Never that. We prefer to be sentimentalists where Christmas is concerned.

Cheerful greetings have begun to echo and be echoed; dispositions are assuming a gayer aspect; holly wreaths are appearing in the windows, while red-faced women wildly clutching packages, dash from store to store. Children have already sent their requests to Santa Claus while their parents are wondering if the next-door neighbor intends to send a gift. There is a great under-current of secrets and private consultations, all adding to the general excitement and joy. In short, it is all one grand, pleasant confusion.

The Beaver College News Staff wishes every one of you the greatest and merriest Christmas and New Year's (eve—and what a night!)

WHAT PRICE GRADES?

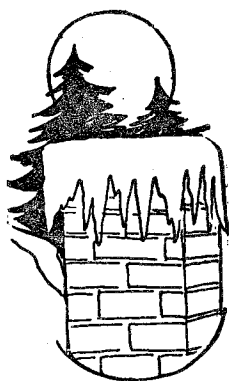
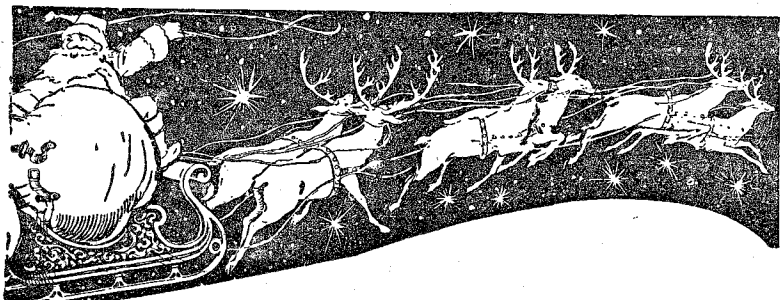
With mid-semester marks already tabulated and finals coming rapidly toward us, there seems to be much dissension concerning the question of grades. Probably the most commonly expressed phrase at the present moment is, "There isn't any justice!" Of course, there isn't any doubt that such a statement bears much of weight, but why be so pessimistic?

Dr. Frederick Rand Rogers, of New York, says:

"Colleges worship marks. Grades make a battleground of the classroom and are a disgrace to scientific education. The highest grades, as a general rule, go to the student who is the best 'ape,' or to the one who can best imitate his teacher."

It seems a most unfortunate failing that we are forced to center so much attention on the subject of mere grades. Humans are fallible. Teachers are only human, and, therefore, prone to make mistakes. Grading is, undoubtedly, the most difficult feature of the educational functions. With all these things to be considered, why not let us try to do less complaining about the mere lowering or raising of a few points on a grade that in all probabilities will be long-forgotten in a year from now?

This is, by no means, intended to discourage the ambitious scholars from attaining the highest results, nor to hinder poorer students from improving their lower record. It is simply a plea for the reduction of the present tendency toward over-emphasizing the modern marking system. Your own resource of knowledge will be better evidence of your success in a subject than a number on a writted report sheet.



MISS SHAFER INTERVIEWED Sparkling Dance Revue to be Xmas Feature

Having heard about a revue to be given here at Beaver, and having also heard that Miss Roberta Shafer was the head coach, I made it my business to hike over to Ryder Hall and knock at Miss Shafer's door. My object was to get all the information possible, just so I could tell you. (A slave to my public).

Miss Shafer, looking very attractive in an outfit of blue, talked interestingly on the subject and here it is. Now listen.

The revue is called the "Scrap-book" and consists of short dances, songs and skits. (Exactly like Earl Carroll's Sketch Book). The cast consist of sixty or seventy of Beaver's Finest, and they are working hard. Much credit is to be given to the Sophomore Physical Eds.

This big event is coming off December 17 in the gymnasium. The tickets are priced at \$1.00, 75 cents and 50 cents. Secure your tickets from the Sophomores who are occupying booths in the lobby.

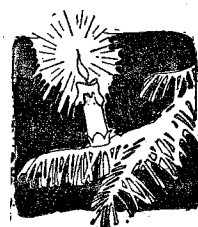
Following is some idea of the program.

The opening chorus and Light House Tragedy.

Cinderella
The Man in the Moon
Doll House
Dancing Tambourine
Southern Syncopation

In these numbers there is much individual dancing, singing and opportunity for much talent which Miss Shafer is bringing out and making good use of.

Remember the date girls—December 17.



Christmas Ode

Little bank-roll, ere we part,
Let me press you to my heart;
All the year I've worked for you,
You've been faithful, I've been true.

Little bank-roll, in a day,
You and I will go away,
To some gay and festive spot;
I'll return—but you will not.
—M. V. S.

Little Houses

Who can tell the glamour little houses hold?
Huddled low and dirty in the winter's cold,
Golden paned, they staunchly gild the clutching night,
So inconsequential to our train's swift flight.

Yet, within their walls, perhaps,
Some bride knows fire
Love holds—some lover finds fulfilled desire;
In some room a woman flouts the jaws of death,
Feeling hell's dark torture for a baby's breath.

Suicide and murder lurk in shabby rooms,
Sorrow does not care what shape his home assumes.
But, oh, the rapture one small hearth can enfold—
Who can tell the glamour little houses hold?

—Helen Crum.

VOX POP

Dear Pop:

This is for those of my friends who have been head-shaking over the recent tendency to lapse in my usual spruce and fastidious appearance. I wish to state publicly:

I know how seedy I have been looking lately.

I am not disappointed in love (not recently).

That was not my hat I had on Monday last.

It is not an imitation.

I am a day student.

We sure need illumination in the day students' room.

Last Monday, for instance.

I left the cloak room in Reaser Hall at 4.30 for Philadelphia. Sometime later I found that I was wearing Claire Seligman's hat, one unfamiliar glove, no lip-stick on the lower lip, and two left galoshes. That was the day I met him at Wanamaker's, and, with all respect to Claire Seligman's taste in hats, I just couldn't feel that composure that is the result of perfect grooming.

Something should be done about that day students' room. I mean it's dark in there.

Dear Pop:—Can't something be done about a certain plug in a certain basin in this school? Whenever I am bathing my face and hands in the sparkling depth of this said basin, I must be ever mindful of the fact that the cool liquid is gradually leaking out the bottom. This, in spite of all I can do to prevent it. It is, indeed, a source of constant annoyance to me and a few of my fellow-students. Now, in a state of desperation, I plead my case in this convenient way. Cannot something be done about the waste of aqua pura?

—I. M. Asken.

VOX POPULI

We are taught, so we learn primarily by imitation and then by habit. Surely, our lives have not been so pagan that we have not had sufficient lessons in the custom of church service that we must always have the reminder "stand up as we sing." Some practices become quite boring as no one yet has refused to rise in the congregation except the old and infirm. Examples of this type are not generally found in a Student body. Besides, who is the never failing body who supplies us with the request songs for our chapel exercises.

VOX POPULI

Vox Populi was quite awed in Student Government meeting due to the presence of several of the chief potentates of our faculty, but later on Vox Populi grew to a hysterical roar in the corridors and congregated in rooms. With the surety of the feelings of all present in the special sanctum sanctorum they grew quite brave, lifting their voices in tempestuous tones of protest.

We wonder what might happen should a real united clamorous protest arise sometime in the presence of those bestowed with the divine power of making our laws.

Two Plays Presented

The Beclex Club of Beaver College presented two one-act plays on Monday evening, November 25.

The first, "The Bluffer," really afforded little opportunity for clever acting on the part of the players. However, they did fairly well in spite of poor material and lack of polish.

The second play, "Harlequinade," was decidedly superior to the first one, both in regard to the acting and the material in the play itself. Individual honors go to Miss Loma Mulholland, Miss Eleanor Hampton and Miss Grace McConnell.

Book Reviews

"Don't Call Me Clever"

By Lawrence Drake

For this startling first novel, the claim might reasonably be made that it stands alone, in recent American fiction, as a completely adult and unsentimental picture of the Jewish spirit and intellect.

It differs radically from the conventional "Jewish novel" in that it develops in terms of a set of vital characters rather than in terms of thesis or problem. By the same token, its appeal is widened: for the non-Jewish reader cannot fail to find fascination in its pages.

The center of the novel is the conflict between two brothers, Al and Nathan Laskov, citizens of Milwaukee. Between them, the brothers sum up many of the characteristics of their race: Nathan, the fierce and misanthropic idealist; and Al a perfect portrait of the type of a business man who is both shady and soft hearted a character of astonishing complexity—sentimental, vulgar, fearful, shrewd, sycophantic, contemptuous and generous.

"Don't Call Me Clever" introduces a young novelist who has something new and daring to say and who has worked out his own method of saying it.

"Love Story"

by Thelma Woodhill

This novel is a relentless portrait of a dominating mother—and a daughter who was too carefully guarded.

Martha Barnet was a woman whose dissatisfaction with her material fortune led her to a series of strange, and almost hysterical convictions. Agnes, her carefully sheltered ewe-lamb was taught that the flesh is impure and that a woman's chief duty is life is to uphold the claims of the spirit against one's baser desires. The tragedy of Agnes' blind career mounts to a final climax in which all the careful defenses her mother has built up for her crumble into a gulf of terrified awareness.

In an era of censorship, "Love Story" appears as a dramatic commentary on the actual consequences of repression and ignorance. It is a book in which the characterization is as powerful as the message. It is not a new theme, but because it clothes an idea in unforgettable flesh and blood and it is here treated with such force and such quiet effectiveness. Love Story is almost certain to be widely and absorbedly read—particularly by mothers and daughters.

"Private Secretary"

by Alan Brener Schultz

Mary Linden is one to snatch her crown and try it on though she be shot for it. Energetic, clever, ambitious—she represents that conquering class of modern business girls, a major part of whose lives are lived "at the office" rather than "at home." Behind the frosted-glass doors of Big Business there is high drama and adventure—and in the pages of this novel it is caught with striking fidelity.

Mary Linden thought she knew what she wanted—but her problem was complicated by three men: Slim Jim Dunneen, magnetic, self-confident dictator of Big Business; Ronnie Wales, a selfish but charming literary young man; and Joe Carey, one of those sincere but matriculate sub-workers who come home to visit the daughter and stay and help the mother.

Those of us whose lives are divided by the two great phrases: "From Nine to Five" and "After

Office Hours," will understand and enjoy this book—and perhaps recognize ourselves in the bright, yet penetrating tale of a private secretary's careers in love and business.

"Peter the Great"

by Stephen Graham

"Holy Russia" is dead but the gigantic figure of Peter called the "Great," will not die. Interest has now merely shifted from his work and policies to the man himself.

This full length biography, by the famous student of Russian life and history, aims primarily to present a vivid, yet authentic portrait. It is therefore studied almost entirely from Russian sources with the result that it will stand for many years as the fullest and most detailed life of Peter in any language.

This Gargantua among monarchs, childlike and terrible, sadist and buffoon, drunkard and sensualist, wielder of the knout and rack, was among the greatest, if the greatest, of kings in modern history. He throned in an atmosphere of fear, sadism and burlesque mirth. His court was filled with dwarfs and monstrosities and fools, his orgies and destructiveness and tortures are a hundred crimson streaks on the pages of his life. In him alone was fore-shadowed a large part of Russian destiny. With his ruthless hands he turned the dreamy face of Russia to the West.

"This Ugly Civilization"

by Ralph Borsodi

This is an ugly civilization. It is a civilization of noise, smoke smells and crowds. It is a civilization, also of men and women content to live among these things.

Here is a book which sets out to answer the question. It is not a lecture. It is not a sermon. The work of a trained economist, statistician and business man, "This Ugly Civilization" is at once an impassioned yet logical attack at the factory system, a constructive program for the new individual and communal life, and the record of a personal experiment in the de-mechanized living. It combines a deeply felt faith with expert, detailed knowledge of the weakness and possibilities of the American way of life.

"This Ugly Civilization" was written for that rapidly growing army of thinking Americans who are looking for a path to lead them out of the jungle of smokestacks, brick, steel and cement into the open plain of Good Life.

YOU MAY NOT THINK SO BUT—

Mildred Schwartz, who is literary Editor on the Beaver College News, is going out for varsity basketball this season.

Dorothy Sayles sent ten handkerchiefs to the laundry and got them all back.

Thursday everyone who answered "Here" in gym class really took gym.

Not a single person was taken "suddenly ill" on the Sunday night when Thanksgiving vacation ended.

Kay Spratt wore a hat instead of a turban to class the other day.

They use fifteen loaves of bread a day in Ryder Hall in spite of the large number of "eighteen day" dieters.

Mrs. Zurbucken used to play on the Crimson and Grey hockey team.

Miss Clark read an entire magazine article in the men's reading room of the Harvard University library without being put out.

Before we went away for Thanksgiving we felt optimistically. After we returned we felt misty optically.

PA WRITES

Dearest Beth:

It will be all right for you to go home with your roommate for week-ends and I am making a note on my calendar right now to call up a contractor to tell him to add a couple of bedrooms to our house immediately, so you can reciprocate. I am glad you mentioned these invitations, for I hadn't figured the cost of a remodeling into your finishing school expenses. Fortunately, your hint comes in time for me to make the loan at the bank.

I notice you say that your roommate is just the sweetest thing and so sensible; that she doesn't care for boys at all. Please don't try to sell her to us in advance. Your mother and I are going into middle age with our eyes open, though slightly dim, and we are prepared to run a high-grade private hotel during your holiday vacation. We have never shirked our duty, so don't waste your time concocting letters to break down our sales resistance.

And please don't misrepresent things to your friends. No matter whom you bring home, I'm still running a brick-yard and I'll con-

tinue to take coffee with my meals instead of after, no matter if you do call me "Fathah."

I am writing to your Social Directress to say that your week-ends have my consent if not my approval.

Your affectionate father,

James Hall

(Reprint)

SOCIAL NOTES

A shower was given for Miss Dorothy Wuchter, now Mrs. Sweitzer, in her apartment at Frankford last Saturday afternoon, December 7.

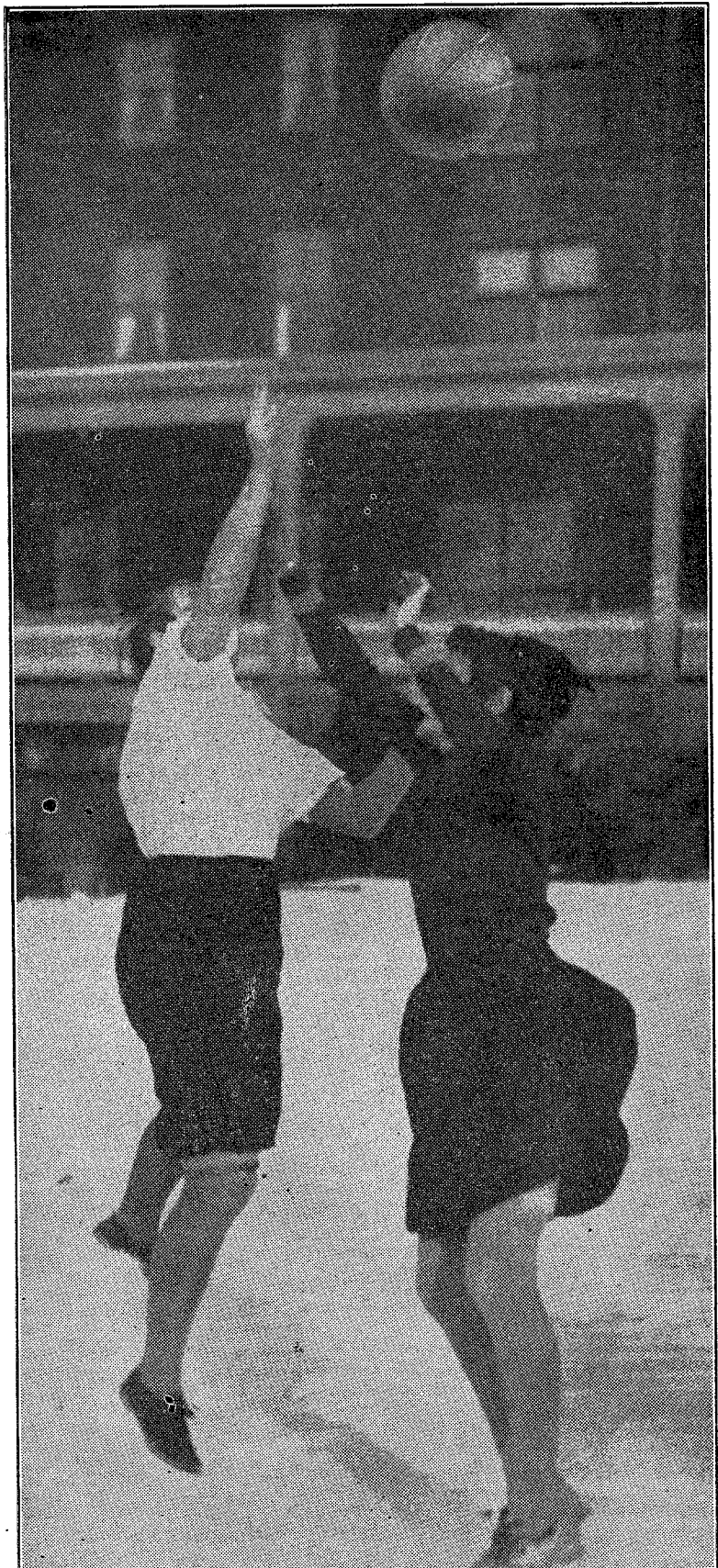
It was a surprise shower given in her honor. Her former classmates were present, among those being the Misses Virginia Rose, Orpha Ellis, Mildred Shafer, Isabel Soper, Lois Whitehouse, Frances Lehman, Eloise Page.

Mrs. Sweitzer received many lovely gifts.

Who'll Be Next?

"Phyllis told me she'd only been kissed twice."

"Quite true; once by the Army and once by the Navy."—London Opinion.



Basketball Toss-up

CLUB NOTES

The Fellowship Club

Janet Muir—President
Eleanor Welles—Vice-President
Dorothy Stone—Secretary and Treasurer

The Fellowship Club of Beaver College is a member of the National Association of Art Clubs throughout the United States. It is a serious organization composed of the art students of Beaver College who have reached a certain standard of achievement in their work at this institution. Its purpose is to stimulate interest in art and to raise the work as high as possible.

Already one tea has been given for the new members of the Fine Arts Class and pledges from among those members will be chosen before Christmas. Bids will be issued to the new prospects.

Pentathlon Society

Mildred Shafer—President
Florence Hall—Treasurer
Orpha Ellis—Manager

Pentathlon is a Society whose members are comprised of those girls who have attained Athletic Honors as well as having proved themselves good sports. At the end of the basketball season the new girls who are eligible are pledged to the organization. Initiation is a long and trying business as many will have reason to know.



HE'S OUR WEAKNESS NOW

Dissappointment

Crumbs of realization
Falling from the over-heated loaf
of anticipation,
Under the temporal blade
Poised hesitatingly by youth upon
the crust,
Then applied with egotistic eager-
ness
Which ignores sane judgment of
proportion
To place.
Irregular slices of ambition
Upon life's plate,
From which we eat
Alone.

William Bell

The Ford is my auto;
I shall ne'er want another.
It maketh me to lie down in the
puddles beneath it.
It soureth my soul;
It leadeth me in the paths of ridi-
cule
For its name's sake.
Yea, though I chug through the
valleys,
I must be towed up the hills,
(for I fear much evil)
Its rods and its radiator,
They discomfort me.
I prepare for blow-outs in the pre-
sence
Of mine enemies.
I anoint its tires with patches,
While its radiator runneth over.
Verily, if this tin-can follows me,
All the days of my life,
I shall dwell in the bug-house for-
ever!

—College Humor

HONOR

Every institution in the world has its own rules. Beaver has many and all are necessary to the complete education of the student. However the integrity of this work is a problem solely dependent upon the individual.

Honesty is intelligence. Dishonesty kills the natural workings of the brain and theretofore biases the vitals of the heart feelings. With such consequences, physical, moral and mental, to suffer from, it cannot be a natural urge that prompts deviation from the straight path. Second-hand work is a failure when applied to college education. Everyone has an equal opportunity to gain knowledge—not knowledge struggled for or acquired by someone else, but genuine, self-consumed, self-chosen knowledge.

True self-government in a college means the absolute, unquestioned uprightness of each and every member of the student body. If higher grades are obtained through unfair means the accompanying loss of moral character is of greater consequence. For after all, a conscience is the distinguishing feature between the animal, and the rational being.

When the smallest deed, as the use of a friend's answer or the constant employment of a trot brings us one step nearer the animal, is it really much more difficult to pursue the honest way?

Strive hard—for honesty is a virtue and a virtue has its reward.

N. Y.-N. J. Club Dinner

The New York-New Jersey Club entertained at a formal dinner on Tuesday, November 20. The tables were decorated with orange tapers surrounded by immature haystacks. Miss Luella Judson and Miss Marion Codner rendered solos, accompanied on the piano by Miss Margaret Dietrich.

Miss Helen Linz, president of the club, was chairman of the dinner, given in honor of Mr. Richard Beamish, the prominent journalist.

DEVELOPMENT OF BOTANY.

Among the ancients Aristotle, the Greek philosopher (384-322 B. C.), and the Roman naturalist, Pliny the Elder (23 to 79 A. D.), left botanical records of historical interest. However, botany as a modern science has developed in the last four centuries, dating from the Reformation.

Up and Down The Campus

Flo Maddigan won our prize offered for embarrassing moments, when some tall, handsome gentleman walked up to her the other day in front of Ryder Hall and said, "Pardon me, but can you tell me whether or not this is the Farmers' Market?"

And, by the way, from the looks of things, a new glee club seems to be developing in the lobby since the third-year English classes have taken up scansion of poetry. The "Star Spangled Banner," in four different keys and five accented rhythms, is their theme song, which is very disturbing to the other lobby sitters, as it forces them to rise each time the new glee club tunes up.

We are pleased to announce that Clare Seigleman leads in our foolish questions contest to date. We overheard her asking Evelyn Kinstler, who has quite a charming unnatural wave in her hair, "Oh, Evelyn! Is your hair permanent?" (Now, Evelyn, you wouldn't fool us, would you?)

Susie Snipkins just dropped in and informed us that during the course of her usual visit to the college, all the girls she talked to were more than willing to stand behind their decisions of the Discipline Committee in helping to put Beaver on the accredited list—only—they would like to be informed just what it is that is keeping Beaver off the list right now.

And now we wish you all a merry old, jolly old, chilly old Christmas, with a New Year's safe from any bothersome resolutions and entangling alliances.

We Nominate For Our Hall of Fame

Miss Florence Hall, President of A. A.

Miss Marion Codner, President of Glee Club

Miss Josephine Rightmire, President of Junior Class

Chemistry Club

Christine Bushman—President
Margaret Scott, Vice-President
Jane Barr—Secretary

This club claims for its members those who are scientifically inclined. The year's program is an entertaining and interesting one. Trips are taken to factories and plants of differing types where modern and extremely novel ideas are shown.

Selfishness

Aheart without an exit,
Pounding of dull tones of discord
On ear drums
Clogged with hot liquid wax,
Deaf to voices asking alms,
Like human tape-worms
Gnawing with hollow brittle teeth
Flesh-insulated veins,
Bulged and throbbing eager to vomit
Short-circuited energy.
A bloody dynamo,
Which overfeeds a gluttonous brain
To enchanted numbness,
Content with self.

William Bell



Junior-Senior Snowball Fight

Santa Claus Is An American

By Caleb Johnson

All over the world on the 25th of December Christians of all creeds and sects celebrate the birth of the Messiah with the festival of Christmas—the Mass of Christ. But only in countries whose traditions and culture derive from Teutonic sources do folk celebrate the day by giving presents.

In Italy, France, Spain, the nations of South America and other countries where the Latin culture prevails, Christmas is celebrated as a great church festival but nobody thinks of giving anybody a present at Christmas time. New Year's Day is their great gift time.

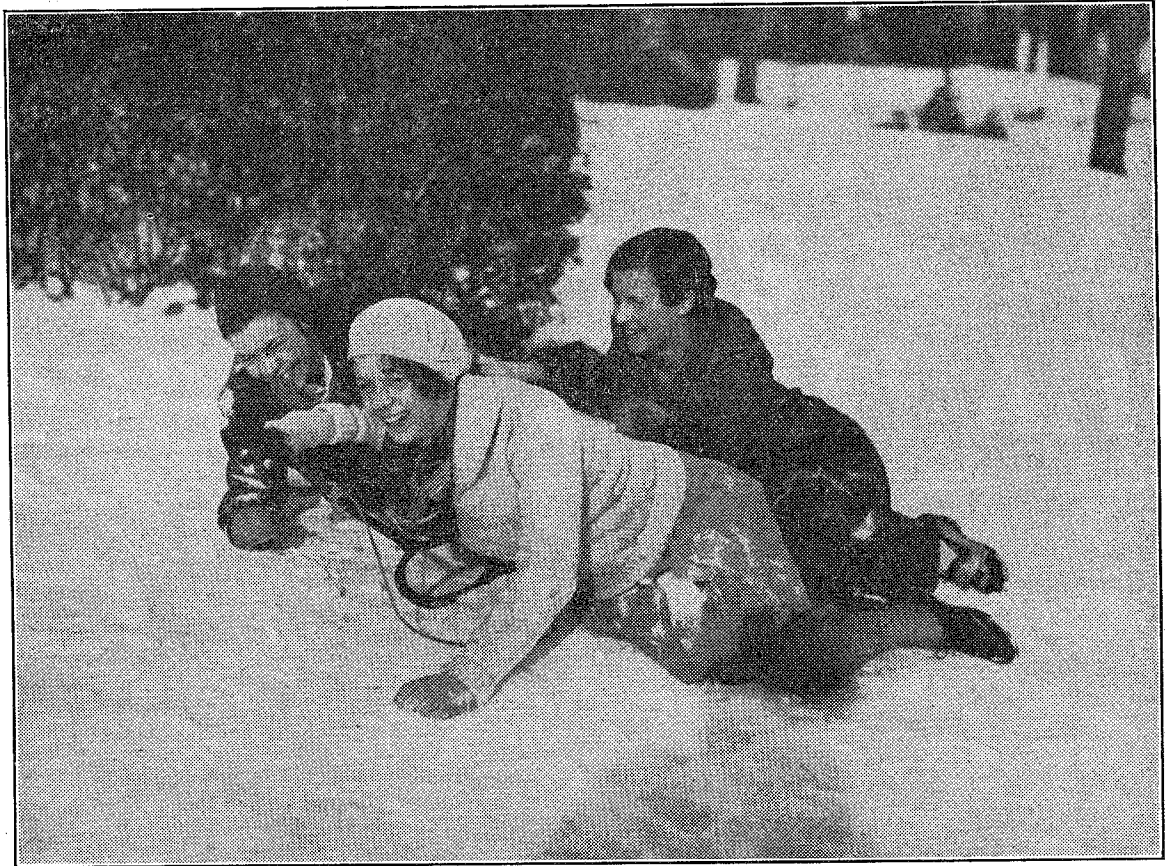
In Germany and in all the countries having the Teutonic background, which includes Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, Austria, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, England and the British Dominions and the United States, Christmas has become the great gift making season of the year, especially the time for giving presents to children.

Santa Claus himself, however, is an American.

The children of England have never heard of Santa Claus unless they read American stories. The jolly old chap with white whiskers who fills the stockings secretly on Christmas Eve is known to the little ones of the British Empire as "Father Christmas."

German children call the stocking filler "Kris Kringle," and by that name he is known in some parts of the United States and elsewhere. "Kriss Kringle" is a corruption of the German "Christkindlein," the Christ Child. The peasant folk of Germany have come to believe that the giving of Christmas presents is symbolic of the bringing of gifts to the manger at Bethlehem by the Wise Men of the East. But that is not the source from which Christmas giving originated.

Secret gifts to children are a tribute to the memory of St. Nicholas, just as the name "Santa Claus" is an Americanization of the Dutch name of that good old father of the church. "San Niklaas" as the early Dutch settlers of New York called the patron saint of children, scholars, merchants and sailors, sounded like "Santa Claus" to the ears of the English children, who learned of him from their Dutch playmates. And Santa Claus he has been ever since to generations of



The First Snowfall Brought Coasting and Jollity

American children, though up to fifty or sixty years ago it was not considered dignified by the grown ups to refer to him except by his full name, St. Nicholas.

The figure of St. Nicholas as a little fat man in a fur trimmed coat, riding in a sleigh drawn by reindeer, and slipping down chimneys with a pack on his back, to fill the stockings which hung from the mantel of the open fireplace, was given its present fixed form by Clement C. Moore, whose poem beginning "Twas the night before Christmas" was written nearly a hundred years ago. Mr. Moore did not call him Santa Claus but entitled his poem, "A Visit from St. Nicholas."

Who was the real Saint Nicholas? Why is he associated with the giving of presents to children?

Nobody knows very much about him. Like some of the other leaders of the early Christians, a mass of legend and myth has grown up about his name, but the records are strangely silent.

All that is known definitely is

that he was the Bishop of Myra, a town in Asia Minor, about three hundred years after Christ. Nobody knows how the legends about him started, but he was held in such high esteem that within a century or two after his death thousands of churches were named for him. In England alone there were at one time a thousand churches of St. Nicholas, and he was established as the patron saint of all Russia away back in the Middle Ages.

Pictures of St. Nicholas usually show him standing in a tub with three boys. The legend back of this is that he miraculously restored to life three youths who had been killed by an innkeeper and their dismembered bodies packed in a salt-tub. But the story of St. Nicholas which associates his name with secret gifts is that he learned of a poor man with three daughters, who were unable to get husbands because they had no dowries. Their father was planning to kill the daughters and himself when St. Nicholas slipped into their cottage

by night and filled the stockings of the daughters with gold!

St. Nicholas Day is December 6th, and for a thousand years the Eve of St. Nicholas, December 5, was the date for filling the stockings. Christmas was not fixed on December 25 until the Christian church was nearly 500 years old. In some parts of the church it was celebrated on January 6th, elsewhere on March 25th. There is, of course, no record of the date of the birth of the Savior. But the Angles, the ancient German people whose blood and traditions still rule the English-speaking world as well as the German, had a pagan festival on December 25, "Mondraecht" or Mothers' Night, when their New Year began, and in the course of centuries that festival came to be celebrated as the anniversary of the greatest event in the life of the greatest Mother of all time, Mary, the Mother of Jesus.

Christmas was still, however, distinctly a religious festival. St. Nicholas Day remained the day when the children had their innings, until the sixteenth century. On St. Nicholas Day it was the custom to elect a Boy Bishop, who appointed other boys to the offices of the church, and the youngsters ruled their towns (since in those days the church dominated everything) until Holy Innocents Day, December 28. In some parts of Germany the Boy Bishop ceremony persisted until 1799. But in England Henry VIII abolished it in 1542. Queen Mary restored it in 1552 and Elizabeth abolished it finally a few years later.

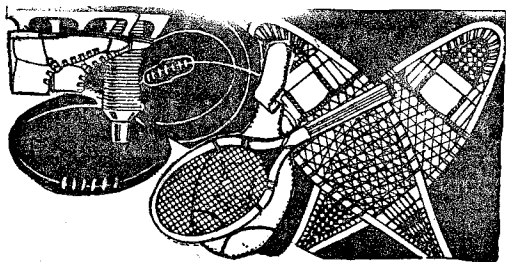
The festivities which had been a part of St. Nicholas Day then began to be transferred to Christmas, though there was a time when even Christmas celebrations were forbidden in England. That was in 1644, when Cromwell's Puritan Parliament passed an act forbidding any merriment or religious services at Christmas on the ground that it was a heathen festival! This feeling against Christmas persisted among the Puritan settlers of New England down to the nineteenth century.

The exchanging of gifts by grown-ups on Christmas Day is a very modern idea indeed. And children today know where their presents come from: they no longer believe in the good "San Niklaas" who fills their stockings secretly by night. Perhaps the world was happier when Christmas giving was less of an obligation and more of a joy and the little ones still believed in fairies and Santa Claus.



Senior Class Officers

Left to Right—Augusta Robinson, President; Mary Patterson, Vice-President; Dorothy Robinson, Secretary; Isabel Soper, Treasurer.



BASKETBALL

Girls—basketball season has started. In other words the time for "charley-horses," training, black and blue spots, sore muscles and fun is here. Practices are bringing forth a large number of girls and as the Varsity is not yet picked everybody has a good chance.

Trips to New York and Boston are planned so you can imagine what grand sport it will be.

Miss Shafer expects big things, so let's show her you mean business.

A new plan will be in vogue after we come back for the Christmas holidays. There will be two basketball teams in play; Team 1 under the direction of Miss Roberta Shafer, and Team 2 under the direction of Miss Mary Everhart. In this way many more girls than usual play on either team or as subs on either team. Of course, it is likely to assume that Team 1 will comprise the Varsity.

And it is also likely to assume that those on Team 2 can work up to varsity if they try hard enough. Following is a copy of the Training Rules which every basketball try-out must agree to keep. The girls are on their honor to do so.

1. To bed every night at 10.30 with the exception of Friday and Saturday nights.
2. Must sleep alone if in a single or three-quarter bed.
3. The night before the game she must be in bed at 10 o'clock.
4. Must report to the coach every day.
5. Must not eat candy, cake, sundaes, or pastry between meals and only one piece of candy a day, this to be eaten at meal time, and must be milk-chocolate without nuts.
6. No smoking or drinking.
7. Must be a good sport at all costs; no criticism of Team or Coach.
8. Must not cut practices, must have permission from the Coach to cut.
9. No coco-colas nor any drinks with charged water.
10. Must have 3 meals a day; no dieting during the season.

Y. W. C. A. BAZAAR

The Y. W. C. A. Bazaar which was held on December 11 and 12 was a decided success. The affair was in charge of Miss Dorothy Samuelson and much credit is due her. Articles of apparel, linens, Japanese novelties, and many contributions of the students themselves, too numerous to describe, were sold from booths.

The fortune-telling "Gypsies" were kept busy and the fish pond proved the interesting and novel attraction that we originally intended.

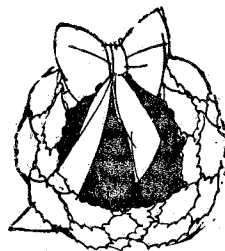
Refreshments were served and many who went away glad that their Xmas shopping was over, were also glad that their appetites had been satisfied.

is to give all the poor children in the Philadelphia Hospitals Christmas presents. A prize was offered to the faculty member who was the cleverest and most original about dressing her doll and Mrs. Oakley captured this prize.

HEART SONG

A molten sea,
A silver moon,
Making a spectre ship
Of sails and spars—
The heart of me,
A flame—a tune,
Singing wild peans to
The eternal stars—

Helen Crum



SWIMMING TEAM

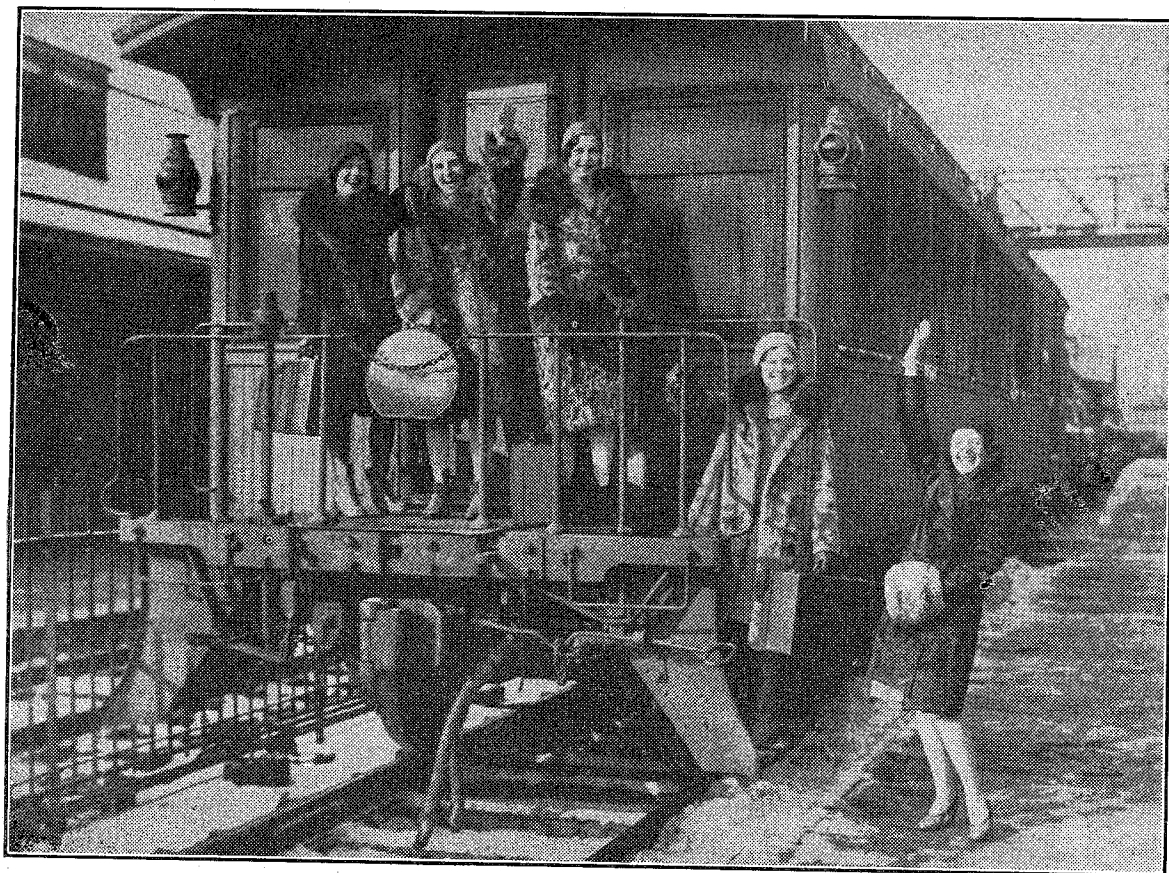
Practice for the swimming team should go forward directly after Christmas. Come out, you mermaids, and let us have a strong swimming team.

Doll Service Meeting

Very recently a meeting was held by the Y. W. C. A. at which little dolls were dressed by various members of the faculty and student body. The object of such a meeting



Hockey Under Difficulties, But Lots of Fun



Going Home for Thanksgiving

Our Own Titles

"Valley of Voices."—Green Parlor in Reaser Hall, five minutes before the dinner bell.

"So Big."—Shorty Ellis.

"The Prisoner of Zenda."—Cam-paused, until Xmas.

"The Judgment House."—Before Board on Tuesday Nite.

"The Call of the Wild."—Philadelphia on Saturday.

"Empty Pockets."—When money is solicited.

"The Rainbow's End."—Graduation, and marriage for some.

"In Secret."—Discipline Committee.

"The Flight."—Cutting classes.

"Clipped Wings."—Deprived of privileges.

"Comrades in Peril."—Botany and chemistry classin the bus going to Gray Towers on icy days.

"The Standard Bearer."—Ginny Rose.

"Les Miserables."—Those sick in the infirmary.

"To Have and to Hold."—That 90 per cent in psych.

"The Wrecker."—Peggy McDonnell driving her Ford.

"As I Like It."—The Beaver College News.



LITERATURE

JACOB KRAUSS

The Story
of a
Misunderstood



Jacob Krauss was walking up the path that led to his small unattractive house. He was late again for dinner, but his corpulent figure propelled as it were by the whim of a satanic imp, swayed slowly and somewhat clumsily along. Among his saffron-colored chins, which sagged with discontent, a cynical smile hovered and then vanished dismally. Jacob reveled in anticipation of the scene which was to greet him on his entrance. He felt a thrill of pleasure, vicious to be sure, as he walked into the narrow dimly-lighted hallway. Already he was aware of the strained atmosphere of his home.

"Well Jacob, what kept you to-night?" his wife called. "Last night and the night before and so on for weeks and weeks it has been the same thing and always you have offered the same excuse. But to-night when I asked you to please be on time you are again late." Mrs. Krauss' voice faltered near the end of her tirade and suddenly there was nothing left but the hollow echo of her whining.

Entering the dining-room at that moment, Jacob saw his plump perspiring wife fan herself with her blue apron. Glaring at him in a most defiant manner were his two children, the boy aged nineteen, and the girl, twelve. William and Frieda.

As though to try their patience still more, Jacob picked up the evening paper and scanned the head-lines. At last he sat down. Mrs. Krauss served the meal hastily. The scowling faces of the three people gathered around Jacob's table served only to make the silence more portentous. Jacob watched for the signal. It came just as the sky, already darkened by rain-clouds, grew terrifyingly black. William was clearing his throat.

"His neck is really quite funny," thought Jacob. "His Adam's apple goes bumping up and down and makes me think of a chicken with its head off. There he is clearing his throat again. Why can't he say what he wants? I know that this is the day he is supposed to go away to school. Why shouldn't I remember? His mother fought for him hard enough while he went into every corner of this house and wept."

"Father, the time has come when

I must leave for school," he was saying.

"Why can't he just say he's going?" Jacob wondered.

"Well, go ahead. I'm not stopping you," was what he actually responded.

"Jacob is being very nasty. He wouldn't try to make it easier for William," his wife observed to herself.

Frieda felt her heart beat faster and wondered if she were going to faint just as she had the last time her father had had a spell. She used to confide to her friends in an awed voice that her father's neck got as red as a lobster and that his small eagle eyes bulged way out of his pinkish face when he was angered.

The green light which hung directly above the table and which was the only light in the room, cast its sickening rays on William's face. Jacob was sure to get the best of him again. Thunder was heard faintly somewhere off in the distance. It gathered cumulative force and deafened the ears of Jacob Krauss and his family. William was certain that at the same time he had seen little devils crawl in and out of his father's ears and he seemed to hear them murmur: "Gather strength like the thunder and burst forth." Directly the noise rumbled on and the room was quiet once more.

"He has no money," Jacob's wife said in a low voice.

"I thought you said you would take care of that."

"I couldn't. You didn't give me as much money as you used to and my household expenses were heavy. I just didn't seem to be able to manage."

"How much do you want? Wait. Here's a hundred dollars." Jacob threw the money carelessly. He hoped that they wouldn't wonder at his carrying so much money around. He wanted them to feel that it was just by accident that he has this on his person; also, that he hadn't remembered William's going to school at all. He knew that his wife could have little or none saved. He meant to play the tyrant ruler as long as his family remained spineless.

"My tuition, father, and books." William whined in a hurt voice.

"What the devil? Who do you

think I am?" Jacob was rising to the occasion.

"Of course I'll have to hunt for a job." William's voice trailed off while he waited for a protestation from his father to the effect that no son of his would work his way through school. Jacob said no such thing.

With a terrific sigh Jacob emptied his pockets.

All the money he could put his hands on was there before him. This fact he did not confide to his family. He counted out in a deep voice: "Sixty-five, seventy, seventy-five, eighty. There, one hundred and eighty dollars. Now go."

"But, but—father. William trembled. Tears came to his eyes. Frieda on seeing them started to sob hysterically. In a crudely persistent manner the mother went on. "And clothes and spending money."

She plead with her eyes. He would see nothing. He was the king and these people were his to command. And so the signal had come again. But this time for Jacob.

"Spending money be hanged!" he cried furiously.

Yellow, pink, red, purple. His face was suffused with these colors. Even the top of his head changed colors where the bald places showed. Jacob felt his anger master him. He was rapidly losing control of himself. He had actually given this good-for-nothing weakling all the money he had and he wanted more.

"Ungrateful wretch! Fool!" he shouted. "What more can I give you? What have you ever done to help me out? Get out of here! Take the money and go!"

Jacob grew more and more brutal. He picked up a glass and hurled it at the green light. There was a crash. Then the room was plunged into darkness. There was complete silence. Lightening brightened up the room for a minute. There was a frightful leer on the face of Jacob as he saw his wife on her knees praying. Frieda had fainted away and lay in a heap on the floor. William's lips moved convulsively. He was sobbing out his heart. With a curse on his lips, Jacob ran from the room. His heavy tread sounded ominously on the stairs. The sounds though heavy became very slow. William hurled himself to the floor

at each foot-step.

"The last one. No... no... still another." He waited.

Finally not a sound. The house was horribly silent. He ran out into the street. The rain beat heavily on his eyes and mouth. It seemed to weight him down. He heard his father's voice call out to him. He darted away swiftly. He wondered as he ran if he looked like the racing Greek god, a statue of whom he had once seen. As soon as he found a piece of wooded land he felt safe. He stopped abruptly. His heart pounded so, it worried him. He pictured death, in the form of his father, stalking after him. He could see his face pale and beautifully calm in death. Wide away in the forest, yet entirely divorced and disintegrated from himself, William saw another William.

Now he was the son of a princely father who was very kind to him. Now he was in school and the most popular boy there. He was a hero-soldier, he was everything great and glorious. He was happy... utterly happy.

In the desolate house that William had left, Jacob sat at a window and watched for the return of his weakling. For the first time in his married life he felt subjugated... entirely ready to admit defeat. He would talk to his son, convince him that he was trying to do his best for him, assure him that he had given him all the money he could at the time. He would make an effort to be kind to his family and they would all be happy. Jacob Krauss was experiencing a pure emotion. Jacob watched by the window.

Jacob suddenly saw another Jacob. He was watching a kind father blessed with healthy happy children. He saw himself with a son who worshipped him. His son was strong and fine and handsome.

Jacob roused himself from his reverie. He felt childishly pleased. All night he waited by the window. The rain had not ceased.

The rain deepened the smile on William's face at he lay on the grass plot of the wooded tract he had discovered. It beat down mercilessly on the boy's mouth. His expression remained the same except for the smile. Jacob waited by the window...

CAN THIS BE LOVE?

"Love," Ronald Armstrong wrote in a letter to Martha, "love is enough; it is absolute."

Having written this, Ronald paused to consider. Martha had entered his life some few months ago very calmly. And calmly he had accepted her. Took her for granted. He had not had much experience with women. This he realized and excused on the grounds that he was an idealist and that most women were disappointing anyway. So why bother?

Yet this was his third year at college and he had to have an affair of some kind. He had to have one woman on the string. Martha seemed inclined to like him and was very nice about writing letters. Still

she was twenty-six...

Ronald checked his rather depressing reflections and continued writing.

"A few doors away a fraternity dances," he said. "The music is wild and blatant and tires me mentally. Only the thought of you and the day you will be mine keeps me alive. But for that I would dread this beastly existence. When are you coming up for a week-end? I must have a glimpse of you."

"Often I think of my body as a monastery and I can feel my soul pound at the gates of freedom."

Ronald always posted his letters to Martha immediately after writing them. He never felt the same in the morning. In the day time he

was able to direct his energies. Sublimation, as it is called. Romance was an ethereal something which proved amazingly elusive. He exaggerated, therefore, every little mood, fit of depression or physical desire in order that he might strike a note of sympathy or a chord of hunger in Martha. Occasionally this made him feel a bit of a cheater. Mostly he did not care.

Martha, on the other hand, found love to be a noble passion. She had heard somewhere that love was binding. This must be true for she experienced the pleasant feeling of being owned by someone. And always in her mind she carried a picture of Ronald. Wavy blonde hair and huge, brown, childish eyes.

A firm mouth and a chin with a cleft in it. First he glanced at you sheepishly. Then he looked away and discussed the most unexpected things in that gloriously deep voice of his. His brow was impressive, the high forehead, the slight frown that might soon become a wrinkle.

Yes his features were splendid but his glances and slow, nervous laughter often worried you. They so strongly suggested a weakness. They planted a doubt in your mind which you tried hard to forget. He was just a boy. So you became promptly maternal.

At Christmas time Ronald went home. Before leaving college he

(Continued On Page Eight)

Can This Be Love?

(Continued from Page Seven)

followed the example set by his fraternity brothers and wired Martha the exact time of his arrival. He had informed her in his several letters to her that week when he planned to leave for home, but a telegram seemed more personal, more hurriedly and comfortably intimate and suggestive like.

"Do you detest being so shut up in that school of yours," Martha inquired of him anxiously that first evening of his vacation at home. "You have often called your living there a monasterial life. I do not like to think of you as discontented and unhappy."

"On, I manage to lose myself in thought," Ronald answered in a superior tone of voice. "I hold myself aloof, apart from the rest and even from the me that you see now. I become distant and abstract. I am an idealist, you know, and if reality becomes a trifle too painful, I go far away and think beautiful thoughts."

Martha did not answer. Silence, she decided, would at least suggest a quiet absorption and digestion of the words he had delivered so importantly. She could see how childish he was in spite of this newly applied coating of collegiate sophistication. Yes, she could see through him but she would not give him away for worlds. She would not let him know that she could detect his affection. He might become sullen and deeply hurt. This mental suffering she would gladly spare him. But why spare him?

Looking back on the past few months, Martha was sure she had loved him at first sight. Maternally. Physically. There was something strikingly beautiful about his face and body.

Her devotion to Ronald was apparent. This he could not help but realize and make the most of. He revelled in her adoration. He worshipped at the altar of conceit. And since Martha so obviously loved him, he in turn loved her. Of course, he had had no intention of even liking her when he first met her. She had seemed to be a nice enough girl. For all he knew about women she might be a knockout. "To express it in the vernacular," he murmured to himself apologetically. He liked to think of himself as a dignified young man. Inwardly he was pleased because he had justified the usage of the term.

Ronald thought of Martha as a girl who had insinuated herself into his life. Each time he saw her he was more keenly aware of her devotion to him and soon was carried away by it.

Somehow, though, he was not quite satisfied with this affair. It was alright for Martha. She was certain of her love for him. Could he be so sure of his love for her? This talk about trial marriage. That wasn't so far from the point. There was something to that after all. If they should try such a thing, at least they would know one way or the other. And the experiment would banish all traces of doubt in his mind. Why hadn't he thought of that before? How could he have hoped to cherish without possessing? Laughable to think otherwise!

Thus it was that Martha came to receive a letter from Ronald outlining his brilliant suggestion. He wended his way cautiously for the delicacy of the situation called for tact and a fond lover's diplomacy. It was a beautiful letter that swayed poor Martha's emotions to and fro.

But Martha was twenty-six and practical. Her head still ruled her heart. If he should find her wanting? But that could not be. She loved him madly, passionately. She had had some experience; he possibly none, incredible though it seemed. Love was contagious, it was catching.

Martha's pride would not let her send her reply at once. She did not wish to appear over-anxious. So she timed her answer accordingly.

Several days passed by and Ronald heard no word from Martha. He began to feel nervous and shaky

and when he tried to recall what he had written he blushed furiously at the audacity of his proposition. How had he dared write such a letter? Was she infuriated? This he did not know but assumed to be the case. Else why hadn't she answered? However, his vanity would not permit him to write an apology because she might be actually considering the idea seriously. . . . And so it was with a sigh of relief that Ronald fell in with the suggestion of three of his fraternity brothers to go to New York for the week-end. To make rah-rah whoopee, as they called it.

"Snap out of it Armstrong! You've been fidgety lately. Let's go to the Big Town and do big time. I can get you and Zeke and Mac some real women and we'll cut capers on the sidewalks of oo Yawk. Okay?"

"Okay, Pete. And mighty nice of you."

"Don't mention it, pal."

Ronald went the way of all flesh. He danced and drank and danced some more. He was with hot stuff and he didn't bother to excuse the phrase this time. Yes sir, hot stuff!

"Oh baby that music is tepid."

"I love it with a passion."

Then came the dawn. And all too soon good-byes were said. Between Ronald and Jean there was an almost tearful parting.

"I'll write you as soon as I get back to college tonight, Jean."

"You know darn well you won't."

"Well good-bye."

"Not good-bye, dear. Just so long."

"So long."

"Remember the house party two weeks from tonight."

"You're right."

Ronald did not get off his letter to Jean as soon as he had intended for upon his return he found a letter from Martha waiting for him. He felt a tremor of excitement mount his limbs and settle in the pit of his stomach.

"I hope to heaven she's insulted," he prayed fervently.

"My darling," she began. "I have carefully considered what you suggested in your last letter to me and have come to the conclusion that your plan is a sensible one."

"I am leaving here Sunday evening for Pittston, which is about two miles distant from the college, arriving about eleven o'clock, Monday morning. From what I gather it is a solitary place and we will be undisturbed."

"If I do not hear from you before I leave, I will expect to see you at the station Monday morning. I hope that you can arrange your schedule to agree with my plans."

"I cannot wait to see you again. The time drags so. At last, though, our dream will come true. Ever your, Martha."

"And this is Sunday evening," Ronald groaned.

"My dear Martha, I have only just realized the enormity of this thing. I must not go through with it."

"Ronald, I love you, so what difference can it make?"

"Don't you see, it would be taking advantage of you? I can't. I would be a cad."

"Why did you suggest it?"

"I don't know."

"What?"

"I-I-I"

"You mean you are sorry you did? You mean you do not love me?"

"I do—not—love you."

And Ronald rushed from the room. Oh, just to be away from her. Just to be gone. What matter if it were not gentlemanly.

"Gone," murmured Martha. "He's gone."

Susie Says:—



Yes—of course I know that "Merry Christmas" is an old-fashioned way to greet Beaver students, but, after the awful experience I had last year in being the other way, I've decided to play safe. You know, last Christmas I decided to crochet Mr. Simper one of those lovely red neckties all the girls in my set were making for their husbands, and I really did a beautiful job on mine. It was so soft and elastic—and just stretched and stretched, which was very handy because he could tie any size bow he wanted. But, would you believe it? When I gave it to him, he simply smiled the oddest smile, and the next morning I found he had taken an extra tie to the office in his pocket and stopped in a telephone booth on the way down to change it.

So you can imagine how delighted I was to discover that Highland House is going to celebrate Christmas in the good old-fashioned way. They had three of the cleverest red holly wreaths hung in the front bay window and I simply couldn't keep from stopping in to see everybody. Dot Sayles and Betty Rosengrant both told me that Highland is going to have a big party the night before we all go home. There's to be a tree and eats and all that goes with it, and even a red ribbon for Bobs. In fact, they are all so firmly convinced that the party is going to be a success that nearly all of them are staying over the last night just especially for it. Even Anne Collins, who is going clear home to St. Catherine's, Canada. Betty Rosengrant stopped talking about all the good and different sandwiches she was going to have at the big affair long enough to say she was going home to Sayre, Pa. And Mr. and Mrs. Reaser are going to stay here and get a little rest from the ten to ten-thirty "noisy hour."

I wandered over to the gym and found Miss Shafer working out some mighty neat basketball material, with Helen and Florence Hall, our star forwards of last year, looking better than ever. Florence said they were both going home to Valley Stream, L. I., to attend "a couple of dances and what not."

And, of course, Milly Shafer was in the gym, too. She has started the new "Yo-Yo" craze. You take a little round "something or other" and "do something with it on a string." So now you all know what a "Yo-Yo" is. It seems everybody is "Yo-Yoing."

Cece Tripp was hopping around the basketball court and only had time to say she was rushing off to Panama nearly a week ahead of the rest of us. And who else do you suppose I saw doing some clever hand and foot work on the court? None other than our literary editor, Mildred Schwartz.

Over in Reaser Hall I met Mildred Davies hovering about the Social Office with much anxiety. She is going home to Kingston, Pa., "especially to get some new clothes." And Eleanor Barnette, who was with her, is running over to Laurel, Del., "for a big rest." She also mentioned several parties and dances. (Now, just what kind of a rest are you planning, Eleanor?)

Just at this moment, Sally Wright came dashing down the stairs headed for the library (No, you're wrong. She isn't a kindergarten student), and said, "I'm going home to Newtonville, Mass., and I'm more thrilled than I was my Freshman year, which is going some!"

I stopped in the Social Office to see Mrs. Palmer. She hasn't made any very definite plans yet, but she's certain that she's going to spend a great deal of time in New York seeing her daughter, Alice.

Upstairs, on the first floor, I found both the Lanzaras stretched out on the bed eating huge red apples. I asked them what they were going to do over the vacation and Norma said, "Well, we're from Atlantic City; so judge for yourself." Pudds Wells was in there, too, and was all elated over somebody called Gary, who goes to Lehigh and played varsity football. He's the latest.

Up in 241 I found a red wreath hung on the door and the regular jolly gang inside. Kay Krouse had lost her voice and said she was going home after it. While Elizabeth Kramer was busy making a man out of gum drops and life savers. She is going home to Hagerstown, Maryland. Lottie Malone, sitting next to her, swallowed a life saver whole, and said she was going home "to see Freddie." Then she remembered that Pauline Leopold is teaching near Harrisburg. "The big question" she announced solemnly, "is—is she married or not?"

Alice Roof remembered that Caddie Merrit and Dottie Brevort are giving a Beaver get-together luncheon in Maplewood, N. J., during vacation, and that Lil Allis is to be there. She whispered to me "Don't tell anybody, but I think Dorothy Hanson is going to Cambridge, N. Y., especially so she can go out with her cadet."

Room 241 always was a great spot for alumnae news, and they told me Kay Johnson and Peggy Beach, who were here a year and a half ago, are now going to Pitt.

Helen Smith is back from Europe with her husband living at home in Penn Wynn.

Eleanor Brouard is teaching in Plainfield, N. J. Alice informed me that she's doing nobly.

Down the Hall I met Virginia Blachly, who is going home to East Orange, N. J. She said she was going to Caddie's Beaver get-together, also.

Up in Florence Engleman's room I ran into nearly the whole news staff working like trojans. They were sitting around all over the bed and dresser and Florence was making a tired typewriter look even tired. But she stopped to tell me that Nana Belle Wise was going to art school in Cincinnati, and that Dottie Wuchter, now Mrs. Sweitzer, is having a shower given in her honor.

Adeline Dickey ran past just then in basketball uniform. "Yeah," she said. "I'm one of the bench sitters. Uh-huh. I was in Boston last week."

On my way downstairs I ran into Ginny Rose, all diked up in green and white-striped pajamas and a black coat with a green flower on it. She is going home to Chester, Pa., and said she hadn't decided just what she was going to do while she was there. "You know, I always thought it would be fun to get married on New Year's eve," she confided. "But don't you dare put that in."

Happy New Year's eve, Ginny—and for that matter—happy New Year's eve, everybody, and don't miss the sleeper back Monday morning!

